witcht with the rogues company: If the raſcall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, Ile be hangd. It could not be elſe, I haue drunke medicines, Poines, Hal, a plague vpon you bo th. Bardoll, Peto, Ile ſtarue ere Ile rob a foote further, and t'were not as good a deede as drinke to turne true man, and to leau theſe rogues; I am the veriеſt varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yeards of vneuen ground is threeſcore and ten miles afoot with me : and the ſtony hearted villaines know it well inough, a plague vpon it when theeues cannot be true one to another.

They whiſtle.

Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue me my horſe , you rogues, giue me my horſe and be hangd.

Prince Peace ye fat guts , lye downe , lay thine eare cloſe to the ground, and liſt if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

Falſ. Haue you any leauers to lift me vp againe being down? zbloud Ile not beare mine owne fleſh ſo farr afoot againe, for all the coyne in thy fathers Exchequer : what a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

Prince Thou lyeſt, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

Falſ. I prethee good Prince *Hal*, helpe me to my horſe, good Kings ſonne.

Prince. Out you rogue, ſhall I be your Oſtler.

Falſ. Go hang thy ſelfe in thine own heire apparant garters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on all, & ſung to filthy tunes, let a cup of ſack be my poiſon: when ieaſt is ſo forward, and afoote too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill

Gad. Stand. *Fal.* So I do againſt my wil.

Poines. O tis our ſetter, I know his voice: *Bardol* what newes?

Bar. Caſe yee, caſe yee, on with your vizards , there money of the Kings comming downe the hill , tis going to the Kings exchequer.

Falſ. You lie you rogue, tis going to the Kings Tauerne.

Gad. There's enough to make vs al.

Fal. To be hanged.

Prince. You foure ſhall front them in the narrow lane: Ned Poines & I will walke lower: if they ſcape from your encounter,

ter, then they light on vs.

Peto. But how many be the

Gad. Some eight, or ten.

Falſ. Zounds, will they not

Prince. What! a coward S

Falſ. Indeed I am not Iohn yet no coward, Hal.

Prince Well, we'le leaue tha

Poines Sirra Iack, thy horſe thou needeſt him, there thou

Falſ. Now cannot I ſtrike

Prince Ned, where are our

Poines Here hard by, ſtand

Falſ. Now my maiſters, ha man to his buſineſſe.

Tra. Come neighbour, th the hil, we'le walke afoote a w

Theeues Stand.

Falſ. Strike, downe with th horeſon caterpillars! Bacon downe with them, fleece ther

Tra. O, we are vndone, bo

Falſ. Hang ye gorbellied chuffes, I would your ſtore w knaues? young men muſt liue weele iure yee yfaith.

Here they rob them the Pri

Prince The theeues haue b thou and I rob the theeues, an be argument for a weeke, lang for euer.

Poines Stand cloſe, I heare t

Enter the thee

Falſ. Come my maſters before day: and the Prince an ardes, theres no equity ſtirrin Poines; than in a wild duck.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22283) LONDON, 1608 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.3